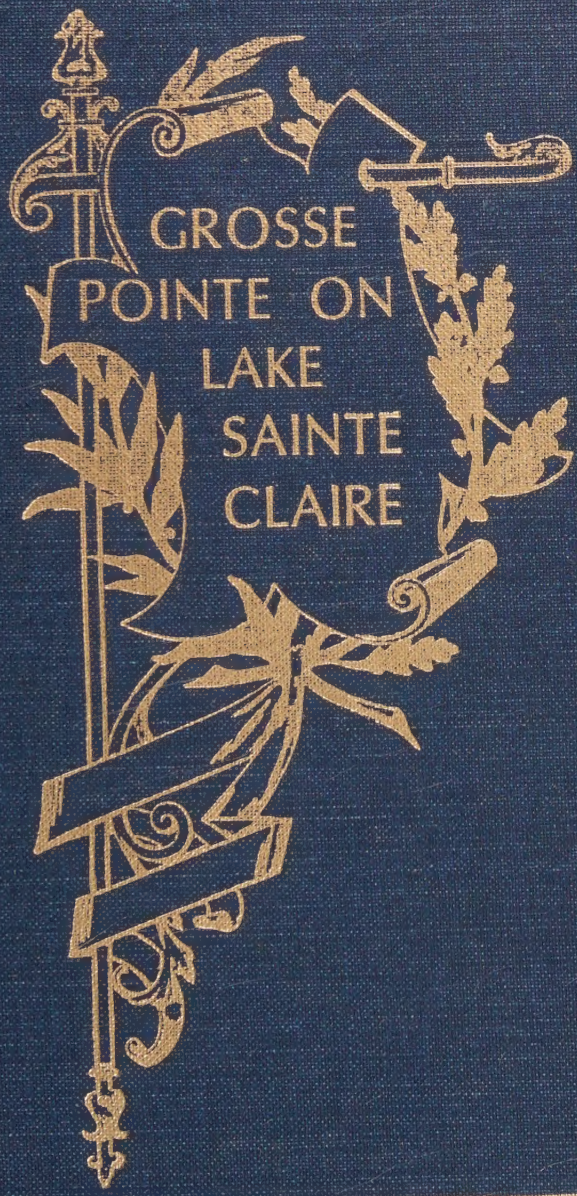
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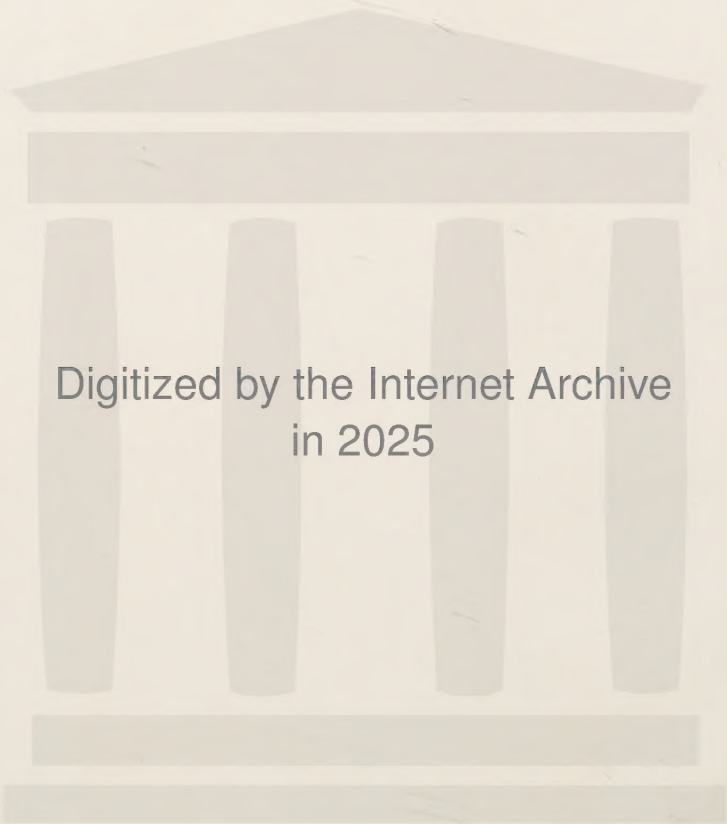

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OUVENIR
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The Point
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DETROIT.

La Côte du Lac.

GROSSE POINTE

ON

Lake Sainte Claire.

Historical and Descriptive.

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Foreword

An enviable lake frontage and long association with neighboring Detroit have been factors that have made the history of Grosse Pointe unique. Once a French farming community, it later became a summer resort, and, with the coming of the twentieth century, attained prominence as a suburb.

In order to preserve a record of the early days of the community, the Grosse Pointe Historical Society, now a committee of the Friends of the Grosse Pointe Public Library, was founded in 1949. One of the Society's most valuable and rare documents is a slim volume entitled *Souvenir of The Pointe* (also called on the title page, *Grosse Pointe on Lake Sainte Claire*), which was written in 1886 by Silas Farmer and Theodore Parsons Hall. Because of the great interest aroused by this book, which was the gift of Mrs. Phelps Newberry, the members of the Society felt that it should be reprinted. In this way more people could enjoy the delightful glimpse it affords of the community when it was a favorite summer retreat for Detroit business men and their families.

The author takes us along the road that skirted the lake past one charming summer villa after another nestled amid ancient trees and facing velvet lawns sloping down toward the lake. One of the most interesting estates belonged to Theodore Parsons Hall himself. The residence was a charming Victorian gingerbread villa surrounded by extensive gardens and woodlands. Two unusual features of the estate were a Swiss boathouse on the lake and a grotto enshrining a statue of Sainte Claire on a sandy beach.

Mr. Hall had retired from a business career in the firm of Gillette and Hall, Detroit's leading grain commission house, to devote himself to travel and literary pursuits and the improvement of his Grosse Pointe place. He enjoyed doing research in the fields of history, biography, and genealogy, and was a member of several historical societies.

His wife was the former Alexandrine Louise Godfroy, who was descended from one of Detroit's oldest French families. A frequent guest of the Halls was Marie Caroline Watson Hamlin, who wrote *Legends of Le Detroit*. The grotto on the Halls' beach commemorated an old French legend of Grosse Pointe recorded in her book.

It was inevitable that Silas Farmer, Michigan's greatest historian, should have sought the assistance of Theodore Parsons Hall when he contemplated writing about Grosse Pointe, and we are indebted to the latter for collecting and arranging the material for *Souvenir of The Pointe*. The completed work is a light-hearted supplement to Farmer's major work, *The History of Detroit and Wayne County*, which he wrote in 1884 and which has recently been republished.

Son of John Farmer, Detroit's earliest map publisher, Silas Farmer began his career by following in his father's footsteps. While working on maps, he conceived the idea of writing the history of Detroit and was soon launched on a literary career. In addition to the works already mentioned, he also wrote *Champions of Christianity* and collaborated with Charles Orr in writing *All about Cleveland*. As a public-spirited citizen, he was one of the founders of the Detroit Y.M.C.A. and was on the board of trustees of the Central Methodist Church.

Souvenir of The Pointe is written with style and verve. Because of its rarity, it has been little known heretofore. It adds another interesting facet to the Michigan historical writings of the period, which, besides Farmer's other works and Mrs. Hamlin's *Legends of Le Detroit*, also include Bela Hubbard's *Memorials of a Half-Century*.

W. Hawkins Ferry

PREFACE.

THE growing importance of Detroit's most charming suburb, which is specially indicated in the new Club House at Grosse Pointe, and the proposed improvement of the driveway thither, together with the lack of any specific statement of the attractions of the place, or any history of the beginnings of the "colony," awakened a desire to further the interest of the locality by noting the historic memories that attach to both land and lake. These facts, as well as a generally expressed wish for a souvenir or neighborhood manual for the use of summer visitors, have caused the preparation of this little guide.

If not perfect, it is at least an endeavor towards an ideal, and any hints or information that will make future editions more complete will be gladly received. Most of the material for the work was collected and arranged through the friendly offices of a well known resident of Grosse Pointe, whose literary tastes easily persuaded him to be interested in anything giving promise of historic value. For the sketch entitled "The *Habitant's* Lament," the public is indebted to a genial and witty "official," whose name is so well known that it need not be given here.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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CHAPTER I.

The Drive.

THE Grosse Pointe Road is properly an extension of Jefferson avenue toward the northeast. The old river road meandering along the water's edge, (*côte du nord est*) was years ago abandoned as a pleasure drive for the grand thoroughfare 120 feet wide, which, beginning at the Michigan Central depot, extends through the city along the brow of the river bank a distance of three miles in a direct course, and thence, with a few circuitous turns, some six miles further to the placid shores of "*Lac Sainte Claire.*"

The fame of this beautiful avenue is widespread, and the stranger, as he catches his first glimpse of charming vistas through its interminable lines of luxuriant shade trees, grows enthusiastic in its praise. Other streets near the river have gradually yielded to the insatiable demands of trade and commerce; but the old residents still fondly cling to "the avenue," and not a few costly

structures are yearly added to the many beautiful residences that have long adorned its course.

The driveway is destined to become still more noted because of plans which have lately been matured for the improvement of the road. The stock of the old so-called Plank Road Company has all passed into the possession of Messrs. R. A. Alger, James McMillan, John S. Newberry, Hugh McMillan, M. S. Smith, A. E. Brush and Geo. H. Lothrop, and these gentlemen propose to secure a road, from Detroit to the county line, of the uniform width of fifty feet, the central twenty feet to be thoroughly macadamized with gravel, with well kept driveways of fifteen feet on each side. New bridges will be built, and windmills erected in order to pump water into tanks located at convenient intervals, and in the dry season it is proposed to keep the road sprinkled and in all seasons to maintain it in the best condition. On some portions of the route, trees will be set out to secure shade in the summer and to serve as a defense against occasional bleak winds. The plans contemplate an expenditure of some $25,000.

About two miles above Woodward avenue, the leading business artery of Detroit, we reach Elmwood and Mt. Elliott avenues, where we may daily see many a solemn *cortége* turning aside towards that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." Naturally one of the most picturesque parts of the city, this locality of late has lost its attractiveness as a place of residence because of the great number

of manufacturing establishments that have congregated in the vicinity. Their tall chimneys pour forth dense clouds of smoke, which drift across the avenue and settle like a sombre pall over the adjacent cities of the dead.

At this point we cross the old route of the historic stream known as Parent's Creek or Bloody Run. It had its source in what is now the north-eastern part of the city, and still flows through Elmwood Cemetery, soon afterwards losing its identity in a maze of underground sewers and water outlets. The route of the stream was until a few weeks ago in part designated by an old and leafless tree, known as the "Pontiac Tree" which stood close to the avenue on the grounds of the Michigan Stove Company. The stream was originally called Parent's Creek from Joseph Parent, a French *habitant*, whose farm it crossed. Tradition states that he was already here when the founder of Detroit, Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, arrived in 1701. The stream received its present suggestive appellation of "Bloody Run" from a tragic occurrence during the Pontiac war, and is said to mark the spot where the wily Pontiac, with his plumed and painted warriors springing from their ambuscade in the ravine, poured down upon and overwhelmed a detachment of veteran British troops. The great chief of the Ottawas, whose fame in his day was not confined to his own continent, but whose name and deeds were the theme of song and story in far-off European lands, was not only the leader of his own tribe, but was recognized as the war

chieftain and sovereign of various other bands scattered through the western wilds. Attaching the Miamis, Chippewas, Wyandotts, Pottawattamies, Missisaguas, Shawanese, Outtagamies, and Winnebagoes to his interest, he wielded a power not excelled in later times even by Tecumseh.

After the capture of Quebec in 1760, and the downfall of French supremacy on the continent, English garrisons were thrown into Forts *Le Boeuf* (Venango), and *Presque Isle* on or near Lake Erie; *La Baie* (Green Bay), and St. Joseph's, near Lake Michigan; at the Miamis, on the Miami river; at Ouachtonon, on the Oubache (Wabash); and also at Sandusky, Michillimackinac (Mackinaw), and Fort Pontchartrain, or Detroit. The savage and sagacious Pontiac formed a plan to capture all these garrisons at about the same time, and within fifteen days after his orders were issued, he held possession of all but three. In his levies on the country, his conduct was worthy of imitation by more civilized leaders. He paid for what he seized, issuing bills of credit made from birch bark, the articles taken being represented thereon, and the figure of an otter drawn below; this last being the totem or insignia of his nation. These bills, it is said, were all carefully redeemed. The scheme for the capture of the fort at Detroit having been betrayed to the commandant, Major Gladwyn, by an Indian girl to whom he had shown some favors, failed of success, and Pontiac for near twelve months thereafter laid siege to old Fort Pontchar-

train which was located on the river bank between the present Griswold and Shelby streets.

On the 29th of July, 1763, a relief party under command of Capt. Dalzell, an Aide-de-camp of Gen. Amherst's, reached Detroit from the lower lakes, and it was at once resolved to surprise Pontiac in his camp near Parent's Creek. Just before daybreak on the 31st, Dalzell with a detachment of 247 troops marched to the attack, the famous partizan officer, Major Rogers of the 60th Regiment, Royal Americans, being second in command. The troops were drawn from this regiment, from the 55th, the 80th, and the Queen's Rangers. Among the officers were Captains Abbott, Grant, Gray and Hopkins; Lieutenants McDougal, Brown, Brehm, Luke, and Ensign Pauli. Descendants of some of these officers still reside in Detroit, and their ancestors have transmitted graphic accounts of the fight.

The houses of the French settlers were stretched along the river bank, at intervals of a few hundred feet, up as far as Lake Sainte Claire, and as the tramp of the soldiers moving briskly along at double file was heard, many an inquisitive head peered from the dormer windows in the steep roofs, curious to learn the cause of the unwonted disturbance. Two bateaux, one carrying a swivel, and the other appliances for the care of the wounded, followed parallel with the advancing column. On reaching the ravine, about a mile and a half above the fort, the troops formed into platoons, and the ad-

vance guard, under Lieut. Brown of the 55th, charged over a little bridge of logs that crossed the creek. Immediately the Indians, who had been apprised of the proposed attack, and were lying in ambuscade, poured in from all directions a murderous fire on the troops.

The detachment so suddenly checked, was thrown into confusion, and began to retreat despite the efforts of their officers to rally them. The savages followed on, and, concealed behind the high pickets by which the French houses were surrounded, or behind various orchards, picked off the men at their leisure. After several hours the shattered remnants of the column managed to regain the fort, leaving behind them along the roadside the corpse of their leader, Capt. Dalzell, and the bodies of many other officers and men. Most of them were scalped, and Dalzell's head was cut off and placed on a picket.

The British, with their habitual disposition to underestimate a defeat, claimed that their loss in killed and wounded was less than one hundred; but eye witnesses to the fight have stated that but few, comparatively, escaped. It is certain that the slaughter about Parent's Creek was so great that "the stream seemed to run with blood," and it has ever since borne the name of the "Bloody Run."

The reader who seeks further details of the fight, or the attendant circumstances, will find them in the fascinating pages of Park-

man's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," or in "Farmer's History of Detroit."

A short drive further along the avenue, brings us to the recently opened Boulevard which stretches in a bee line to the north, as far as the eye can reach. At the foot of the Boulevard on the river front, is the vacant tract recently bought by the city as an approach to a proposed elegant bridge, to be constructed to the Island Park. Near by stands the house of the Michigan Yacht Club, with gaily decorated craft riding at anchor in front, or pushing out for a trip.

Just before reaching the second toll-gate we pass a beautiful home, embowered in trees, known as Wessonside, the residence of William B. Wesson. Near by, and close to the water stands the remnant of Col. Hamtramck's old French house. The locality takes its name from this officer, a noted character at the beginning of the present century. He was appointed colonel of the first regiment of United States Infantry at its organization. The curious will find his grave in Mt. Elliott; the tombstone erected by his fellow officers records in strong phrases his worthy character and heroic deeds.

The handsome residence of S. Dow Elwood of the Wayne Co. Savings Bank, with several others are next seen, the grounds sloping beautifully to the river.

Passing the race course and Park House, we see in the distance the city water works. The isolated tower, a marvel of architectu-

ral beauty and grace first attracts the eye, and next the handsome brick structure enclosing the massive engines, which ply day and night in the work of supplying 200,000 people with the best of liquids. The water inlet pipes extend out almost to the head of Belle Isle, and are far removed from any danger of contamination from the sewage of the city. Foreseeing the rapid growth of Detroit, the Commissioners, a few years ago, located the new works four miles above the center of the city. The grounds are adorned with trees and fountains, and a public spirited citizen, the late Chauncy Hurlbut, bequeathed the income of nearly $250,000 for their further ornamentation, and to provide a library. A few years hence the grounds must become a delightful place of resort.

Stop a moment and look about you. The heavy mass of foliage seen on Belle Isle, the verdant fields near by, extending to the water's edge, the snowy sails of passing ships, and the blue lake beyond, present a most attractive picture.

Before we lose sight of the water works it will be interesting to note the group of old French pear trees just above, relics of the days of "Louis Quatorze." These were formerly known as the "Twelve Apostles," it being a custom of the early settlers to plant groups of a dozen pear trees, giving to each the name of an apostle. The number of "The Apostles" of late years is becoming rapidly reduced, as time is doing its work, and these noble trees cannot, it is said, be reproduced.

THE NEW WATER WORKS. Established in 1877.

Now that we are off the pavement and beyond reach of city ordinances, we can "let out" our fast nags for a mile or so, and should the occasion demand a short rest, the attractive "half-way house" of Otto Rusch is soon reached where refreshment for man and beast may be found. As we proceed we rattle across the "*Pont Rouge*," or Red Bridge, which crosses Connor's Creek, so named from Richard Connor, an early Moravian settler, whose descendants occupy adjacent lands. The creek was formerly known as Tremblé's Creek, from a Frenchman, whose farm it traversed. One of Detroit's eccentric millionaires proposed recently to have this stream dredged out and converted into a ship canal extending around the city. Many think this a chimerical scheme, but a visit to Holland might cause them to change their minds.

On the left, as we cross the bridge, is the stock farm of Geo. Hendrie, chief owner of the Detroit City Street Railway Co. Beyond, on both sides of the road, the Campau estate owns a large tract. These lands are now being drained by ditches from which the water is pumped by wind-mills; but only a few years ago the road we are now passing over was "navigable for small craft" during several months in the spring.

Under the ancient French régime the "*Cabaret du Grand Marais*," or Big Swamp Tavern, was located in this vicinity, near the shore, and was the resort of wedding, racing and picnic parties

HEAD OF BELLE ISLE AND BEGINNING OF THE GRAND MARAIS.

throughout the winter months. The carioles drawn by fast pacing French ponies would glide merrily over the ice along the water's edge. At the *Cabaret* would alight the black eyed demoiselles with their chattering swains, and, after a toothsome lunch of (*pâté de gibier*), game pie, or of succulent (*poisson blanc*) white fish, washed down by copious libations of (*liqueur de pêche*) peach brandy, they would join hands in "*la dance ronde*" to the inspiring strains of a cracked fiddle. Nowadays the best we can do is to demolish a dish of frogs on toast with such liquid accompaniments as appetite may suggest.

Away off on the distant Pointe we notice a white Light-house. It was built in 1838 and rebuilt in 1875. It shows a fixed white light varied with red flashes, the light being visible for thirteen miles. The tower is fifty-one feet high. This locality is known as "*Presque Isle*" (almost an island), and otherwise as Windmill Point, from the ancient stone windmill whose ruins now lie along the shore.

Opposite Windmill Point is "Isle au Pêche" (Fishing Island), called by some Peach Island, perhaps because there was never a peach on it. It is said that during the summer season Pontiac made it his home. In the course of recent excavations made in preparing the foundation for a building erected by Hiram Walker, who proposes to transform the island into a summer resort, the workmen claimed to have discovered the skeleton of a gigantic Indian, who,

from appearances, was more than seven feet high. In the grave were found remnants of savage adornments, such as hoop ear-rings of gold, etc., betokening that the wearer must have been a person of importance in his time. This statement will recall to those versed in aboriginal lore, the Indian tradition that Wis-Kin, a noted Indian magician, known as "The Guardian of the lakes," was buried beneath the island, and also the story of his death in the conflict between the east and west winds for the possession of his bride, and how Dame Nature, mourning the great calamity, cleft huge hillsides from the shores of Lake Huron, which, floating down, formed the islands of Lake Ste. Claire and the Detroit.

The locality we are now traversing possesses considerable historic interest. In the early days of the colony when this region was a part of *Nouvelle France*, and under French military rule, the powerful tribe of Outtagamies, called by the French "*Renards*" (foxes), swept down from their home in the far west on this outpost of civilization and laid vigorous siege to Detroit. The commandant, Du Buisson, had established friendly relations with the neighboring tribes, and, sending out scouts to the southwest, a strong force of friendly Indians came to the relief of his beleaguered garrison, and the Foxes were soon defeated. Beaten back from Fort Pontchartrain, they retreated along the shore in confusion until they reached Windmill Point. At this place a storm prevented their escape to the Canadian shore, and they were

compelled to go into camp and erect temporary fortifications on the Point. Here they were soon attacked by the combined French and Indians, and a terrific slaughter ensued. The French commander finding that the Foxes were disposed to surrender, endeavored to procure a cessation of hostilities, but his allies would not consent, and the tribe of Foxes was nearly exterminated. It is said that more than a thousand Indians were there slain. In recent times, whenever the high ridge along the shore has been plowed, Indian skulls and silver ornaments have been brought to the surface, with an occasional broken sword hilt of French design. For years after the fight, old patriarchs of the defeated tribe were accustomed at long intervals to visit the spot, and offer up sacrifices for the safe journey of their slain brethren to the happy hunting grounds.

To the old French *habitant*, the locality was ever replete with a thousand superstitions. When crossing the desolate moor after nightfall, though fortified by most generous potations, he was apt to succumb to his fears, and, while his pony floundered through the mud, he would, with chattering teeth, mumble over his hasty prayer, beseeching the *bon Dieu* and all the saints to protect him from the "*Loup Garou*," the "*Lutin*," the "*Feu Follet*," and other imaginary terrors.

The miasmatic exhalations of the swampy ground produced, on hot summer nights, a frequent recurrence of the phe-

nomenon known as the "will of the wisp," or "*feu follet*," and it is no wonder that this was considered haunted ground. At present, however, the fearless gamin of modern times, armed with a peculiar trident of domestic construction, infests these regions and spears the unwary frog, thereby affording sustenance to certain revellers, who must needs refresh themselves at the wayside inns.

For many years the *habitants* along the lake shore took their "grists" to be ground at the old windmill on the Point, the approach to it being along the beach; but owing to some family troubles, as to the exact nature of which tradition is not clear, though there are hints of a murder, the mill, after a time, became untenanted. Mysterious lights were often said to be noticed in the structure at night, and reports were current that on stated days the "*sabbat du chats*," or cats sabbat (an uncanny festival at which his satanic majesty is presumed to preside) was celebrated within its portals. Rumors of this sort were becoming rather frequent, when a friendly thunderbolt, one stormy night, solved the riddle by demolishing the building, and, since then, the pious *habitants* have naturally carried "their grists to some other mill." (*Vide* Legends of Detroit.)

As we cross over the "*Pont des Renards*," or Bridge of the Foxes, we see, stretching across the low land, an avenue lined with handsome shade trees, planted by W. B. Moran, proprietor of the

adjacent acres. The sign board, "To Edgewood Park," indicates the new name with which modern enterprise has embellished the locality. It is now a resort for picnic parties, but its future possibilities as a summer resort or rustic beer garden, it is not our province to discuss.

The little stream called Fox Creek took its name, some say, from the number of foxes to be found in the vicinity, but, far more likely from the Indian tribe defeated near by, as a few survivors of the massacre are said to have followed its banks and escaped through the woods in the rear. The stream runs almost entirely around Grosse Pointe about a mile back from the lake, and drains most of the farms.

The stranger who has driven thus far cannot fail to remark the number of fast teams and "turnouts" of all descriptions passing along the road. Every pleasant summer afternoon when the road is in good order, this scene is repeated, but on fine Sundays the throng is so great that the advocate of the old-fashioned New England "sabba' day" might well fear that we had "fallen on troublous times."

The several hotels along the route afford convenient stopping places for gay couples, where the inner man may be refreshed with "Mumm's Verzenay," while the inner woman discusses a frog fricassee. If we glance closely at some of the excursionists, as they flit past, we may observe that the driver, while clutching

the reins convulsively with his right hand, has allowed his left arm to meander about his fair companion's waist, while in occasional instances he is fain to resign the lines entirely; his time being occupied in holding his inamorata on the seat. *O tempora! O mores!* We also notice that, being sticklers for the principle that this is a free country, the passing countrymen are prone to claim the whole road for their teams, leaving the children of prosperity to take the ditch. Should the traveller chance to return to the city after dark on Saturday night, he will find a worse state of things; for the teamster, wearied of city life, falls asleep on the seat or on the bottom of the wagon box, trusting to the superior sagacity of his horses to carry him safely home.

We now approach a more thickly settled district, the old town of Grosse Pointe. Orchards of cherry, pear, peach, and apple trees surround the farm houses, and if our drive is taken on some fine day in early spring, the trees in full bloom, the air, laden with the perfume of the pink and white blossoms, the gentle breezes wafting a fresh odor from the adjacent lake, the bobolinks and robins enlivening the road with their songs, will all lure us on and on to enjoy the charm of this most delightful drive.

At the right, soon after passing the *Grand Marais* on a short road leading towards the river, is the elegant country retreat of the affable Bishop of Detroit, Right Rev. C. H. Borgess, and soon after, the mile board marks "eight miles" from the city hall as we

pass Auntie Weaver's retreat, where many of Detroit's "*haut ton*" are wont to solace themselves with frog suppers. And now, through a long avenue of old poplars we see the blue waters of the lake, and, as its red roofs and turrets peep above the trees, we get our first glimpse of the Grosse Pointe Club House.

This club, when its list is full, will number three hundred members. The initiation fee is one hundred and fifty dollars, with an annual assessment for the maintenance of the Club. Its property consists of about seven acres on the Pointe where the lake and river meet. On this site a beautiful structure has been erected, the total cost of ground, building, furniture, etc., being about fifty thousand dollars. No more favorable site could be selected for such purpose on the chain of lakes, and we know of no building better adapted to its uses. The architect, W. E. Brown, describes the building as follows: The Club House is 100x140 feet in size, with a kitchen wing next to the west side. It is built of wood upon a brick foundation. The main approach is through a *porte cochere* fronting the road which leads to a deep loggia 16x30 feet in size. This gives entrance to the main hall fifteen feet wide, which extends through the building and ends in a loggia 16x30 feet in size on the the lake front of the building. To the left, on entering the hallway entrance, is the reception room, and further on a door leads from the hallway to the parlor in the southeast corner of the building. These two rooms are connected by wide doors which slide

Grosse Pointe Club House. Built in 1886.

upward into pockets, thus converting the two apartments into one grand saloon 21x64 feet in size. From this room looking south or east a magnificent view of the lake is had. On the right of the main hallway is located the office of the manager, from which apartment ready view is had toward the road, down the hallways and into the reception room and parlors. In fact, no person can enter the building without being seen from the office. Immediately beyond the office is a door which opens to a little corridor on the south front of the office, and off from this corridor is the coat room. From this corridor runs a narrow hallway extending west, on the north side of which is a coffee room, a billiard room large enough for three tables, toilet rooms, closets, bowling alley, etc. The main approach to the bowling alley is by way of the veranda.

Returning to the main hallway and at its west and north end, entrance is found to the dining hall, which is 24x34 feet in size, with windows open to the floor and facing the lake. West of the dining hall is the serving room, china closet, refrigerator, kitchen, bakery, store-rooms, steward's room and servants' dining room, all fitted with modern appliances and especially complete.

A striking feature of the building is its veranda, which is sixteen feet wide and extends around the north, east and south sides, a distance of 322 feet, forming a superb pleasant-weather lounging place and a capital promenade for stormy weather. The veranda

fronting the dining hall is arranged to be used as an out-door dining room.

Access to the second floor is had by a wide stairway leading from about the middle of the west side of the main hall below, to an exactly similar hall above. The second floor hall ends also in loggias corresponding to those below, the whole forming a delightful indoor promenade fifteen feet wide and one hundred and twenty feet long. The ladies' parlor, with toilet room, etc., is off this hall and is located at the southeast corner of the building, where a perfect view of Lake Ste. Claire is given. This is one of the finest outlooks in the building. The remaining portion of the second floor is occupied by ten spacious bedrooms, all of them fitted for use as private dining rooms when desired. There is also a bath room for gentlemen on this floor. The bedrooms are approached from corridors which entirely cut them off from the public portions of the house. The second floor of the kitchen wing of the building is divided into rooms for servants and a large linen room. These apartments are reached by a private stairway in the wing. In the third story there are eight fine bedrooms, the one in the southeast corner being circular in form and twenty eight feet in diameter. Here also a splendid view of the lake is given. Entrance to this floor is had by a continuation of the main stairway. From the hallway in the third story there is a wide and well lighted stairway, which leads directly out to the Belvidere which tops the

circular northeast boundary of the building and adds much to the picturesque character of the structure. This large and sightly open gallery is thirty feet in diameter, and from it on a pleasant day good views over the lake for a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles may be obtained. The floors in all hallways and in most of the rooms are of hardwood. The interior finish is chiefly in natural woods. In the first and second story hallways, and in the reception, dining and billiard rooms there are spacious fire-places of brick. The lighting is by gas, not only in the buildings, but on the grounds and pier. The commodious stables are located on the southwest corner of the property, sufficiently removed from the main building.

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Geo. M. Porter,	Buffalo, N. Y.
J. M. Weston,	Grand Rapids.
H. H. Hodges (U. S. Army),	Detroit.

The inception of this enterprise and its successful completion, in the face of some obstacles, in acquiring title to the land, are largely due to the personal exertions of L. P. Campau, a well known representative of one of the oldest French families of the city.

For many years past the site of the Club House has been occupied for hotel purposes. The farm was originally known as the Ten Eyck farm, and later as the Fisher farm, and from the latter family the Club purchased the property at a cost of about sixteen thousand dollars. The old brick hotel, known as "Fisher's," is now demolished. It has furnished frog suppers in years past to

thousands of Detroiters, while many older residents were regaled at a tavern which preceded it, known as "Hudson's." The site having been a place of entertainment for some fifty years, the grounds, in being transformed into an elegant summer resort, are but newly dedicated to their old-time uses. The manager of the club house is Mr. Robt. P. Emerson; he has had thirty years' experience as a caterer in several of the largest hotels and eating houses in the country, and the members of the club deem themselves fortunate in obtaining the services of a gentleman so thoroughly competent and courteous.

If we or our friends are favored members of the Club, we drive through the grounds, and stop awhile to enjoy the view from the piazza, or belvidere, preparatory to a further tour along the lake shore, or if our horses are fresh, we may continue along past the handsome villas where many of Detroit's busiest citizens, and others not so busy, seek, during the summer months, rest and relief from care and turmoil.

CHAPTER II.

The Pointe.

THE term "Grosse Pointe" is used to designate several different localities. There is first the Township of Grosse Pointe, which begins at the Water Works and extends along the river and lake shore until the northern limits of Wayne County are reached. Then there is the Village of Grosse Pointe, which is not, as some think, the little settlement we pass, a mile before the lake is reached. It comprises all of the tract of land reaching from the Club House grounds to the Provençal or Weir farm two miles beyond, and extending from Lake Ste. Claire back to the Mack road, a distance of about a mile.

The navigator will insist, with a sailor's pertinacity, that Grosse Pointe extends from the bend at Light House Bay to *Pointe á Guignolet*, and the summer resident will assure you that "Grosse Pointe" *par excellence* includes all the lake front from the Club

House to where the road curves away from the water toward Milk River; but whatever differences may exist as to its metes and bounds, all will agree in this one point, that "The Pointe" is a most charming place at which to reside.

To describe all the attractions of the Pointe to the visitor who arrives on a sunny summer day, would be well nigh impossible; but here, as elsewhere, all days are not alike.

In calm weather, the approach by water is especially pleasing, the luxuriant foliage of the trees, the verdant fields and well cropped lawns with their varying tints of green, and the sense of rest and quiet that prevails, afford a grateful change from the dust and din of the neighboring city. But in the event of a northeast wind blowing, the excitement of making a rather difficult landing, and the too sudden change of temperature would be apt to modify all enthusiasm. The approach by road is not unattractive; the blue lake is first seen through a row of poplars, and then with a sharp curve one suddenly emerges upon the shore, and the cool breezes and plashing waters seem doubly invigorating after a long drive.

The long dock extending out into the lake first attracts attention. Amateur fishermen are scattered along it, at intervals, occasionally pulling in a three pound bass or pickerel. At its extremity the graceful yachts, Lilly and Truant, are often seen, the former owned by A. E. Brush, and the latter by Messrs. Newberry & McMillan.

They run to the city or make excursions about the lakes at such hours and times as suit the convenience of their owners, while the swift Leila, belonging to a dozen other residents, leaves at 8:30 A. M., returning at 4:00 P. M. Possibly as we pass, the Leila is just arriving, and we soon see her twenty or thirty passengers disembarking, and straggling along the dock with their "supplies," towards the carriages, dog-carts, etc., that await them by the roadside.

Under the broad verandas that surround the houses, hammocks are strung, wherein recline æsthetic maidens, or languid gentlemen of leisure, deep in the mysteries of the latest novel, or extracting comfort from a fragrant Havana, as the case may be. In an open space beyond the trees, we catch glimpses of the picturesque costumes of the devotees of lawn tennis, base ball, or croquet.

The fishing stakes that we see extending out from the shore are a blemish, and not only detract from the beauty of the scene, but the nets attached to them serve to deplete the lake of fish faster than the fish commissioners can replace them. Formerly anyone with a line and trolling hook could secure a delicious supper from out the lake at short notice, but these "pound nets" gather up the finny tribe, small and great. In the spring, besides white fish, pickerel, trout and muskalonge, many sturgeon are taken; some of them fifty to a hundred pounds in weight. The roe is made into *Russian caviare*, while the remainder of the fish,

cut into strings, is smoked and sold at the south, the rank, greasy flavor being much relished by the colored population.

As a yachting resort, Lake Sainte Claire possesses manifest advantages. Its limited area, twenty-eight miles in length, and twenty-five in breadth, its shallowness and exemption from heavy seas or storms, its proximity to a large city, and to numerous favorite places of resort, attract from the western lakes many sail and steam craft, and among them may occasionally be noticed a stranger from the Atlantic yacht clubs, which has found its way up the St. Lawrence.

The temperature of the water is almost too cold for bathing, except during the extreme hot weather of July and August; but, nevertheless, the young people avail themselves of it freely during the season, its sandy bottom, shallowness, and the absence of dangerous holes or currents, permitting the youngest children to paddle about with comparative exemption from danger.

The lake front has to be protected from the encroachments of easterly storms by sheet piling. So far, this has been done in a crude and unsubstantial manner, but a wall built from the large boulders, scattered along the shore, would afford adequate protection for all time. The unsightly piles that are driven in at intervals, as a protection against the ice during the winter, are of little avail, for when the ice moves in a vast field, neither dock nor piling can withstand it. It seems difficult to form a sandy beach

On the Beach at "Tonnancourt."

of any extent, though efforts in this direction have met with considerable success in one or two instances.

The absence of mountain scenery detracts from a picture otherwise almost perfect; still we are compensated during summer by the panorama of passing vessels conveying the boundless products of the west to the seaboard, and by the broad expanse of water, one day peaceful and smooth as a mirror, on another, lashed into white foam by a sudden storm.

So far, no grand hotel has been built at the Pointe, possibly because the summer residents have deemed the peace and quiet they now enjoy, preferable to the excitement and gaiety of a fashionable resort. As a temperance community they would frown on the establishment of a road house within certain limits, and starve it out if possible. With the advent of an electric railway, there can be no doubt that a summer hotel with attendant cottages will be established beyond the present village limits, and prove profitable to its projectors.

The religious interests of residents are cared for by two churches. The worshipers at the old French Catholic Church of St. Paul are especially numerous. By the way, why should it be called St. Paul rather than St. Peter, who was the special patron of fishermen? The long lines of nets extending into the lake would seem to indicate the fitness of the latter name, and the very weathercock on the steeple is also suggestive of St. Peter;

St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church.

St. Paul's it is however. This quaint old church, under the care of the venerable, but jovial *bon pere* De Broeux, after standing for a generation or so, was fast falling into decay, when Father Van Antwerp, who succeeded the latter, infused new life into the unprogressive congregation, built a new parsonage, renovated the church, and caused all to regret his departure. Father Meath who came next is also popular. Religious prejudices are almost unknown at the Pointe, especially among the older residents. The young ladies belonging to Protestant families frequently assist in the church choir and never seem to feel that their future well-being is thereby jeopardized. The congregation is principally French from the families of the *habitants* located hereabout. Until a few years ago all the sermons were in French, but the experiment of preaching in English is now being tried.

There is also a pretty little Protestant church conducted by a few of the most enterprising residents. It is a church of all evangelical creeds and is attended on Sundays by most of those whose time on that day is not devoted to the worship of nature. The ground for the church was donated by the father of the present postmaster and president of the village, Rufus Kirby.

In the Academy and Convent of the Sacred Heart the community have unusual advantages. This institution is one for the education of young ladies. Under the principals are a corps of accomplished lady teachers. The Academy is one of the most

The Protestant Church. Built in 1876.

complete of the kind in the country, the building cost nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and is furnished with every modern convenience. It is four stories in height, is heated throughout by steam, a uniform temperature of seventy degrees being easily maintained through the coldest days in winter. Pure lake water is supplied by a steam engine and is distributed over the premises from iron tanks at the top of the building. This religious order owns about forty-two acres, including a beautiful grove of maples some ten acres in extent. The pupils have free range over the grounds. With fresh milk, butter and vegetables from the farm and plenty of fresh air from the lake, they seem to be pictures of health, and it is claimed that no other school in the West offers superior advantages for educational purposes.

It is thought by some that the climate along the lake shore must be exceptionally disagreeable in winter; but apart from the high winds that sometimes prevail, this is not the case. In fact, the invigorating character of the air, in comparison with that in the city, is as apparent in winter as in summer. From January to May it will not do to boast of the climate anywhere north of the Ohio river. However, if we remain in this latitude during winter, we will find the thermometer, until the lake becomes frozen over, ranging several degrees higher than in the interior, and, as to the earliness of the spring, convincing proof is afforded in the fact that the first vegetables raised hereabouts come from the Pointe.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Fabulous stories of the size and quality of certain vegetables raised here in early days have come down to us; but French shiftlessness seems to have caused a deterioration of soil, as constant applications of manure are required to restore it to its primitive state. Being of a sandy loam, and, except an occasional boulder, free from stones, it is easily cultivated, and especially adapted for market gardening. About a mile back the land descends and drains into Fox Creek, back of which, on most of the farms, are tracts of forest trees; hickory, oak, elm, ash, beech, maple and poplar, affording a bountiful supply of wood. Along the lake shore, the banks are from ten to twenty feet in height, and rise gradually by a succession of ridges. Fruit trees of most kinds do well. The Grosse Pointe cherries and apples are widely known. Pears, plums and peaches do finely. It is only within the past few years that severe winters have impaired the peach trees, but when killed others are soon planted.

The quality of the small fruits, like strawberries, raspberries and currants, is something marvellous. Grapes also, as elsewhere along the lakes, do well. The Concord, Delaware, Niagara, and Rogers' hybrids are favorites. Catawbas ripen rather late for this climate, but do fairly. Most of the ornamental trees, including many of the new varieties, do well, but the soft maples flourish with a vigor rarely seen elsewhere. The leaves of the horse chestnuts brown too early, and the magnolia is tender until fully grown.

Evergreens, like the arbor vitæs, spruces and pines, grow well, and rhododendrons and azaleas are gradually being introduced.

In connection with other features of Grosse Pointe, the Jersey stock farm, called Clairview, is worthy of notice. This farm, located in the rear of the country residence of Geo. S. Davis, contains nearly forty thoroughbred Jersey cattle, all of them being registered in the books of the American Jersey Cattle Club, and comprising specimens from the most approved families of this famous breed.

The beauty of these animals, their fawn-like appearance and graceful movements, coupled with their docility, render them great favorites.

Visitors are at all times welcome at this farm, which may be reached by a lane on the west side, and a half hour may be pleasantly passed in inspecting the stock.

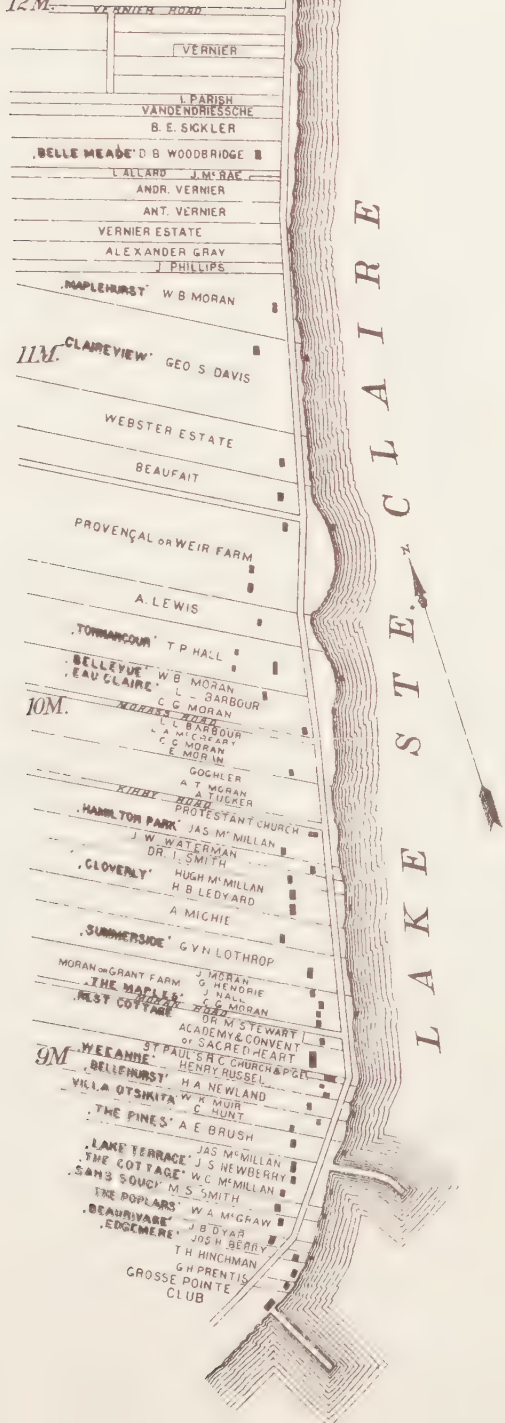
The water supply of the Pointe is usually received from the lake through small pipes extending out several hundred feet from shore. It is pumped up, generally by a hot air engine, in other cases by a windmill into wooden tanks, and thence distributed through the houses and grounds. Wells afford pure water if not dug too deep, in which case a vein of sulphur is often struck.

Those of the residents who have a sufficient number of acres, indulge in the luxury of imported Jersey and Holstein cattle, as well as in Kentucky riding horses and fast trotters. After dinner, and

until dark we may get a glimpse of the latter, for it is customary with the residents to take an evening airing, and the drive sometimes extends along the shore, and for a few miles back in the country.

Of that pest of summer resorts, the festive mosquito, there is little complaint, except where evergreens or standing water afford them a lurking place. The beneficent breezes drive them to their haunts a few miles back, so that mosquito nets are not often required. Wire screens are used as a protection from flies that are everywhere found in hot weather. The worst nuisance is the June bug, possibly so-called because he comes in July. For a few days he rules supreme along the lakes, but as his stay is brief and harmless, and, as he affords nourishing diet to the fish, who, in turn, help us through fast days and lent, we must endure him patiently.

The lake was first christened Sainte Claire, on August 12, 1679, by the famous explorer, La Salle, and his chaplain, Father Hennepin. On that date, the historic ship "Griffin," the first sailing vessel constructed and manned by Europeans to navigate these waters, passed from the strait (Detroit) into the calm, clear waters of the adjacent lake. The day being the festival of Sainte Claire, the foundress of the Franciscan Nuns, it was thought appropriate by the explorers to bestow her name on the beautiful sheet of water on which they were sailing. In the course of years, ignorance of history and careless writing, caused the name to be ordinarily


12M.
VERNIER ROAD
VERNIER
L. PARISH
VANDENDRIESSCHE
B. E. SICKLER
BELLE MEADE D B WOODBRIDGE
L ALLARD J. Mc RAE
ANDR. VERNIER
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J PHILLIPS
MAPLEHURST W B MORAN
11M.
CLAIREVIEW GEO S DAVIS
WEBSTER ESTATE
BEAUFAIT
PROVENÇAL OR WEIR FARM
A. LEWIS
TONNANCOUR T P HALL
BELLEVUE W B MORAN
EAU CLAIRE L - BARBOUR
C G MORAN
10M.
MORAN'S ROAD
L L BARBOUR
L A McCRAE
C G MORAN
E MORAN
GOCHLER
A T MORAN
A A TUCKER
KIRBY ROAD
HAMILTON PARK PROTESTANT CHURCH
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SUMMERSIDE G V N LOTHROP
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G. HENDRIE
THE MAPLES J NALL
MOIRS ROAD
REST COTTAGE C G E MORAN
DR M STEWART
ACADEMY & CONVENT
OF SACRED HEART
9M
ST PAUL'S R C CHURCH & PGR
WEEANNE HENRY RUSSEL
BELLEHURST H A NEWLAND
VILLA OTSIKITA W R MUIR
C HUNT
THE PINES A E BRUSH
LAKE TERRACE JAS McMILLAN
THE COTTAGE J S NEWBERRY
SANS SOUCI W C McMILLAN
THE POPLARS M S SMITH
BEAURIVAGE W A McGRAW
EDGEMERE J B DYAR
JOS H BERRY
T H HINCHMAN
G H PRENTIS
GROSSE POINTE CLUB
LAKE STE. CLAIRE

spelled "Saint Clair." Attention having been directed to the error, on the two hundreth anniversary of La Salle's arrival (Aug. 12th, 1879), a memorable celebration was held at the Pointe, and the lake was formally rechristened. An historical address by Bela Hubbard, with poems by Judge Jas. V. Campbell and D. B. Duffield were delivered, and most of the residents of the locality with many visitors from Detroit enlivened the occasion with their presence.

Perceiving the advantages of this locality, the French pioneers at an early date began to settle here. Sir William Johnson says that in 1760 he found settlers scattered from the Fort (Detroit) to the lake. In 1783, we find a list of nearly twenty settled near the sites of the present residences. The ancestors of some of the present inhabitants were established here as early as 1810, and a trip to l'Anse Creuse, a few miles beyond, will reveal a veritable old-time French settlement and present a vivid picture of the last century.

With their habitual attachment to their homes, the French *habitants* for many years refused to sell, but now, one by one they are yielding to the offers of summer residents, who pay far more than the farming value of the land. About a thousand dollars an acre is the present value along the front, while at a little distance back, a hundred dollars per acre is frequently asked.

CHAPTER III.

The Residences and their Occupants.

THE first residence on the lake front adjoins the Club House, and is the property of Geo. H. Prentis. These premises, for a number of years past, have been leased to transient residents.

Next comes the pretty summer home of Theodore H. Hinchman, one of Detroit's oldest and most highly esteemed merchants. Mr. Hinchman was born in New Jersey, in 1818, and came to Detroit in 1836. His connection with and management of a wholesale House for half a century, has resulted prosperously; and, to the advantage of the public, he has given much time to municipal affairs, serving as State Senator, Fire Commissioner, and in other positions, fulfilling the duties implied in good citizenship. Not averse to fishing, shooting, and other sports incident to life on the lake shore, he usually spends a few months of each year at the Pointe. Mr. Hinchman married

"EDGEMERE." Residence of Joseph H. Berry. Built in 1882.

Louise Chapin, daughter of Dr. Marshall Chapin. The names of his children are, John M., Ford De Camp, Charles Chapin, Lilly and Mary. He is one of the older "colonists," and his residence was built in 1862.

The beautiful and well kept grounds called "Edgemere," the residence of Joseph H. Berry, next attract attention. The house, constructed of pressed brick and cut stone, is one of the finest at the Pointe, and is most charmingly situated. The lawn inclines gradually to the water, which is reached by a flight of stone steps, bordered by handsome vases filled with tropical plants. The front is protected by a substantial sea wall. A spacious boat-house is well provided with choice specimens of boats. A steam engine forces water over the whole place by means of underground pipes, and an extensive conservatory supplies flowers at all seasons. From its situation, the residence has, necessarily, two fronts; the main front, presenting from the water a most attractive and imposing appearance. A glimpse of the other front, hardly less beautiful, and of the flower beds scattered over the lawn, is to be had through dense masses of fine old trees.

In the construction of the building, Mr. Berry, who resides here the year round, gave full scope to a refined taste, and the finish and decorations of interior and exterior, do great credit to both owner and architect.

Mr. Berry's family consists of his two sisters, Adelaide H. and

"Beaurivage." Residence of John B. Dyar. Built in 1886.

Sarah W., and his three daughters, Charlotte F., Alice D., and Lottie D. Mr. Berry is of English descent, but was born in New Jersey. He married Charlotte E. Dwight, daughter of Alfred A. Dwight. She died in 1875.

The picturesque cottage on the Berry property, which is the last dwelling on the lake side of the road, and known as "Loch Side," is leased to his intimate friend, Alex. H. Muir, a brother of W. K. Muir, and, like him, engaged in the railway and transportation business. Mr. Muir has many friends and is sure to increase their number as opportunity offers. He married Isadore, daughter of A. C. McGraw She died in 1884, leaving four children, Susie, Alexander McG., Helen, and Philip Howie.

On the landward side of the road, the first place, a very handsome one, just completed, is the residence of John B. Dyar, and known as "Beaurivage" (beautiful shore). The grounds contain some fine specimens of evergreens planted by a former owner, and the situation at a bend of the road, offers a charming lake view. Those who know Mr. Dyar need not be told that taste and comfort will reign within the portals of his home. Ever ready to aid in all social pleasures, an enthusiast as to the attractions of the Pointe, Mr. Dyar has contributed greatly to the general enjoyment.

He married Julia Edmunds Maynard, daughter of Judge A. B. Maynard, and niece of Senator Edmunds of Vermont. Their three children are Clara Gray, Ralph Maynard, and John Wild.

"The Poplars." Residence of W. A. McGraw. Built in 1884.

The pretty Queen Anne cottage of Wm. A. McGraw comes next. Although one of the later "colonists," Mr. McGraw is an ardent admirer of the Pointe. His grounds embrace about ten acres, and are known as "The Poplars"—a handsome row of Lombardy Poplars, and an Osage orange hedge defining the front. The interior of the residence is a model of convenience, and its general finish and tasteful appointments are admired by all. Not the least attractive feature of the grounds of Mr. McGraw and his neighbor Mr. Dyar is the little park in front, extending to the lake.

Mr. McGraw is the son of A. C. McGraw, and of the firm of A. C. McGraw & Co., one of the oldest and most successful mercantile firms in Detroit. He married Harriet A. Robinson, a niece of John S. Newberry. Both he and his wife were born in Detroit. They have two children, Kathleen and Harrie.

As the road bends and approaches more closely to the lake, we reach what was for many years the residence of the well known lawyer, D. Bethune Duffield. The grounds include about twenty acres, which for years were the pride of their owner. The well stocked orchard and graperies are marks of the great care he bestowed upon the property. While gladly welcoming the new owner, the residents of the Pointe were not the less sorry to miss Mr. Duffield and family from among their number, their long residence having made them the friends of all. This place is now

"Sans Souci." Residence of M. S. Smith. Built in 1885

known as Sans Souci (without care). Its present owner, Martin S. Smith, purchased the property in 1885 at a cost of $21,000, and has since rebuilt the residence in a tasteful style. The establishment is now as complete as the most fastidious need require. The name of M. S. Smith, as the founder of one of the oldest business establishments in the West, is probably as widely known as that of any person in Michigan; and whether in business affairs, in his duties as one of the Commissioners of Police, or in the discharge of his duty as a citizen, Mr. Smith is always consistent, courteous, benevolent and enterprising. Of late years he has been one of the firm of Alger, Smith & Co., carrying on one of the largest lumbering enterprises in the State. He is also interested in other extensive industries. Mr. Smith was born in Livingston Co. N. Y., in 1834. In 1862 he married Mary E. Judson, of Detroit, a daughter of Otis Judson. The name of their little girl is Helen Gertrude.

The rustic little cottage, next in view, is occupied by Will. C. McMillan, son of James McMillan of Detroit. This is one of the older residences of the Pointe, as the arbor vitæ hedges and old trees indicate. Mr. McMillan graduated at Yale in 1884, since which time he has occupied an important position in the management of the Michigan Car Co.s' Works, and shows that he inherits the business talents of his father. He married Miss Marie Thayer, daughter of Frank N. and Ella S. Thayer of Boston,

Mass. The latter now resides with them. They have one child, Thayer McMillan. Generous and genial, his popularity is as great among friends at home as it was among his classmates at college. The base ball and lawn tennis interests of the Pointe are much indebted to his care. His cottage stands in the extensive grounds belonging to John S. Newberry and Jas. McMillan, known as Lake Terrace.

The residences of Messrs. Newberry and McMillan located at this point, are both built in the same general style of architecture. A conspicuous feature of the grounds is the handsome row of rare arbor vitæs that lines the carriage drive.

The owners of Lake Terrace were the first to build costly houses at the Pointe, and their success in constructing elegant, graceful and convenient country seats, induced others to follow their example. In conjunction with their neighbor, Mr. Brush, they built the long dock that stretches out into the lake. This dock affords a convenient landing place for their steam yacht, Truant, for the Lillie, belonging to Alfred E. Brush, and for the Leila, owned by a dozen other residents. The owners of the yachts, Truant and Lillie, take great pride in keeping everything about them in the most perfect order. At early morn the crews begin holystoning the decks, and the ornamental brasses are rubbed until they glisten. In neatness and comfort these yachts will challenge comparison with anything of the kind on the Atlantic coast.

John S. Newberry, who lives in the first of the larger residences on Lake Terrace, was born at Waterville, Oneida Co., N. Y., and is the son of Elihu and Rhoda Phelps Newberry, natives of Windsor, Conn. The family trace their ancestry to Thomas Newberry, who emigrated from England in 1635, and settled at Dorchester, Mass. Mr. Newberry prepared for college at Romeo, Michigan, entered the University at Ann Arbor, and graduated at the age of eighteen. For the two years succeeding he was engaged in civil engineering under Col. John M. Berrien, engineer of the Michigan Central Railroad. Not relishing this employment, he fitted himself for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1853. Determining to make the admiralty business a specialty, he devoted himself to this branch of his profession, and was soon conceded to be one of the first admiralty lawyers in the West. In 1862, he joined his friend Jas. McMillan in the establishment of the Michigan Car Works. This industry grew to mammoth proportions, and with the enterprises growing out of it has realized fortunes for its projectors. Mr. Newberry has generally refused to accept public office, but made an exception a few years ago when he was elected to Congress by the Republican party, of which he is a staunch adherent. He is a gentleman of strong will and positive views, and has worked his own way to the prominent position he occupies. Dependence may be placed on his having a pretty thorough knowledge of any subject on which he expresses

"Lake Terrace." Residence of John S. Newberry. Built in 1875.

an opinion. His studies and extensive practice in admiralty cases gave him such knowledge of marine matters that, with large means, he naturally took to yachting as a favorite amusement, and, as a result, many of his friends have derived much enjoyment from his skillful pilotage, as he has personally guided the "Truant" over the river and lake.

His first wife was Harriet Newell Robinson; she is the mother of his eldest son, Harrie Robinson Newberry, who married Miss Harriet Dudgeon, daughter of the late Anthony Dudgeon, of Grosse Isle. They have one child, Gladys Dudgeon Newberry. Harrie is Secretary and Treasurer of the Detroit Steel & Spring Works; has served as a member of the City Council, and is known among his associates as a most agreeable and genial companion.

The second wife of John S. Newberry was Helen P. Handy, daughter of Truman P. Handy, a well known financier and banker of Cleveland. Their eldest son, Truman Handy, graduated at Yale in the Sheffield scientific school in 1885. The remaining two children are John S. jr., and Helen H.

The next residence on Lake Terrace was built and is occupied by James McMillan. He was born May 12, 1838, at Hamilton, Ontario. His father, William, and his mother, Grace McMillan, were both natives of Scotland, and settled in Hamilton in 1834. His father was, for many years, connected with the

"Lake Terrace." Residence of James McMillan. Built in 1875.

Great Western Railway of Canada, and was held in high esteem for his strict integrity and superior business qualifications. James McMillan was fitted for college at Hamilton, but impatient of fleeting time, and anxious to make his mark in the world, he embarked in business at an early age. His first experience in Detroit was as a clerk in the extensive wholesale hardware establishment of Buhl, Ducharme & Co. At the age of twenty years, he left that position to become the purchasing agent of the Detroit & Milwaukee Railway. His aptitude attracting the attention of an extensive railway contractor, he was placed in charge of his very important interests in Michigan, and the experience acquired in this new position was of inestimable value in his future career. About this time he made the acquaintance of John S. Newberry and a partnership was formed with the favorable results already indicated. Doubtless the sound business judgment inherited from his father, coupled with his innate urbanity, has had much to do with the success of their various enterprises.

Mr. McMillan has fairly won the esteem of his fellow citizens by his gifts of personal service as well as means in the promotion of philanthropic enterprises, and by his far-seeing and liberal investments in building up and improving various portions of the city. If, of advantage to him, his investments have been none the less a great public gain in the architectural attractions added to Detroit.

"The Pines." Residence of Alfred E. Brush.

In 1860 he married Mary L. Wetmore, daughter of Charles Wetmore, of Detroit, a descendant of the old and widely known Connecticut family of that name. They have had six children, as follows: William Charles, Grace Fisher (now Mrs. W. F. Jarves), James Howard (now at Yale), Amy, Philip Hamilton, and Frank Davenport.

The residence next to be described is located a few hundred feet back from the lake, and is partly concealed by a beautiful group of evergreens. It is known as "The Pines," and includes a picturesque little ravine which is crossed by several rustic bridges. The majestic old trees and velvety lawn indicate an occupancy of many years. The grounds, consisting of some thirty-five acres, were laid out and the present residence erected by Edmund A. Brush, who from 1857 to 1877, with his family, made a practice of spending summer at the Pointe. They were the first Detroiters who settled here. To him, and to his wife, Eliza Cass Hunt, daughter of Gen. John E. Hunt, and niece of Gen. Cass, no other summer resort possessed equal attractions.

Here their five children, Edmund Erskine, Adelaide, Lillie, Alfred E., and Elliot Hunt, passed their childhood. Mr. E. A. Brush died in 1877, having survived all of his children except Alfred E. Brush, who, with his mother, his wife Rowena Hunt Brush, and his infant daughter, Virginia Eloise, occupy the residence.

Alfred E. Brush, as the only male representative, is necessarily largely occupied with the care of the landed interests of the family. A prominent member of the Detroit and Grosse Pointe Clubs, a devotee of fishing and shooting, the best shot at the Pointe, a gentleman of education and fine social qualities, he worthily represents one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the city. He graduated from the University of Ann Arbor in the class of 1873.

At the time of his death, Mr. Brush had one grand-daughter, Lillie E., the child of his daughter, Adelaide and William G. Thompson, former mayor of Detroit. Mrs. Thompson died some years before her father, and Mr. Thompson then married Adele Campau, daughter of the late Daniel J. Campau.

Col. Elijah Brush, the father of E. A. Brush, was prominent in the early history of Detroit, having been commander of the Legionary Corps in the war of 1812. He was a lawyer by profession, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and an early member of the famous Marietta Colony. He subsequently removed to Michigan, and became the first Attorney General of the Territory. Here he married Adelaide, daughter of John Askin, Esq., and Marie Archange Barthe—the latter a member of one of the oldest French families settled at Detroit. The Askins (originally Erskine), were at an early day wealthy and influential citizens. Through his connection with this family, Col. Brush came into

possession of the Askin or Brush farm, lying adjacent to old Fort Pontchartrain, and now dividing the city of Detroit nearly in the centre.

E. A. Brush was born in 1802, and died in his 75th year. He graduated at Hamilton College and was admitted to the bar, but never entered on general practice as his time was occupied in the care of the large estate left by his father. While still a young man, he accompanied Gen. Cass in his famous canoe expedition for the exploration of the upper lakes. On his return he was called to a number of prominent municipal offices, and aided in securing the construction of several of the railways leading into Detroit.

His French descent made him a great favorite with that nationality. He spoke their language fluently and, fortunately for his descendants, preserved with French tenacity his landed estate, and now the Brush farm is the most valuable property in the city.

The modest cottage of Cleaveland Hunt comes next to view. The occupant has been, for many years, one of Detroit's best known lawyers. A descendant of one of the old families, and occupying a prominent social position, he found pleasant companionship at the Pointe for many summers, but since the death of his only daughter, a few years ago, he has not occupied the place. His wife, who died some time previously, was a sister

"Otsikita." Residence of W. K. Muir. Built in 1882.

of Mrs. James McMillan. His only remaining child, Wetmore Hunt, who married Isabella Ker Muir, now occupies the cottage.

The next residence is Otsikita Villa, the home of W. K. Muir. For several seasons prior to 1882, Mr. Muir summered at Grosse Pointe, but in the year named, he decided to become a permanent resident and purchased the property, and rebuilt the residence which he and his family now occupy. The grounds in front, and the extensive gardens and orchards in the rear, are models of good taste, care and attention. Their owner, Mr Muir, was born at Kilmarnock, Ayreshire, Scotland, in 1829, and is descended from the family of Howies, old Scotch covenanters. In early youth he showed a taste for engineering, which later on led him into the business of railroading. Acquiring his first practical railway experience on one of the English railways, in 1852, he was selected by C. J. Brydges, managing director of the Great Western Railway of Canada, for a responsible position on that line. In 1857, he was appointed General Superintendent of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad. In 1865, he was made Assistant General Superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad with R. N. Rice as General Superintendent. He next became the General Superintendent of the Great Western Railway of Canada, and was influential in making it one of the most complete lines on the continent. Subsequently he became Manager of the Canada Southern Railway. After retiring from the management of the Canada

"BELLEHURST." Residence of H. A. Newland. Built in 1873.

Southern, Mr. Muir's great executive ability caused his services to be sought for by railway magnates in various parts of the country, but he has refused to undertake further responsibility of this nature. He now devotes much time to a number of important manufacturing enterprises, and to several lines of steamers in which he is interested.

By nature one of the most philanthropic of men, every practical scheme for the benefit of the poor receives his cordial support and personal attention. Thoroughness, frankness and honesty, are his prominent characteristics. The maiden name of Mr. Muir's first wife was Eliza Steele. They had four daughters, viz.: Jennie Howie, Nellie Hogarth (wife of Henry Russel), Isabel Ker (wife of Wetmore Hunt), and Eliza Steele, wife of D. B. Duffield, jr. For his second wife he married Christine Hendrie, daughter of John Hendrie, of Scotland, and sister of George Hendrie, of Detroit. Their two children are, William Howie now taking the engineering course at Ann Arbor, and Christine Hendrie.

The residence next appearing is conceded to be one of the most attractive at the Pointe. The grounds were laid out by the former owner, Thomas Pitts, in 1873, after English designs, and the good taste then displayed in arranging the trees and shrubbery is now apparent. The property was purchased by its present proprietor, Henry A. Newland, in 1884. It has since been much improved, and is known as "Bellehurst." The quality of the straw-

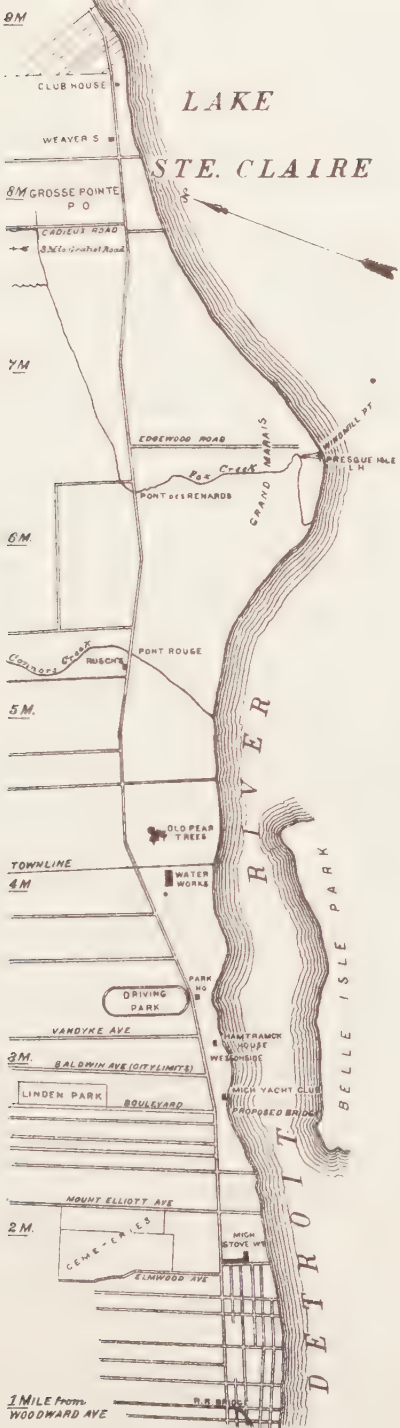
berries and other small fruits raised on this place, is something of which to boast. The grounds comprise about 25 acres, including a handsome grove in the rear. Mr. Newland is the senior partner in the wholesale Fur House of H. A. Newland & Co., of Detroit, and was born at Hammondsport, N. Y., in 1835. Coming to Detroit in 1854, he engaged with the firm of F. Buhl & Co., and was admitted as a partner in 1858. His specialty was in the foreign business of that house, his duties obliging him for nearly a score of years to attend the annual fur sales at London and Leipsic. From the beginning of his mercantile career, he has been both popular and successful. He knows how to be courteous and affable, and is esteemed accordingly. In 1862, he married Emily A. Burns, daughter of James Burns, one of Detroit's oldest and most highly esteemed merchants. She died in 1871, leaving one daughter, Lizzie Helen. Two other children, Frederick Burns and Emily A., died in infancy. Mr. Newland married for his second wife, Martha Alger Joy, daughter of James F. Joy, of Detroit. Their son, James Burns, died when about three years old. They have a danghter named Mary Joy. Mrs. Newland's father, James F. Joy, is the widely known railway magnate and lawyer. The Alger family, whose name Mrs. Newland bears, are descendants of Thomas Alger who settled in Taunton, Mass., in 1665. Martha Read, the first wife of Hon. James F. Joy, was a daughter of Hon. John Read, LL. D., and Olive Alger. Mr. Read was

Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, and for twenty-four years a member of Congress.

The new and pretty cottage of Henry Russel adjoins Mr. Newland's residence, and is called "Weeanne." Mr. Russel is attorney for the Michigan Central Railway, an evidence that he is one of the brightest and most talented young lawyers of Detroit. The arduous duties of his profession do not prevent him from being foremost in every scheme calculated to add to the social pleasures of the colony. He married Nellie Hogarth Muir, a daughter of W. K. Muir. They have two children, Christine Muir and Anna Davenport.

Passing the Catholic Church and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, which are elsewhere described, we come to Rest Cottage, the residence of Dr. Morse Stewart, who divides with few the honor of being at the head of the medical profession in Detroit. The doctor and his family are to be classed among the old residents at the Pointe, but of late they have leased their residence. Mrs. Stewart's maiden name was Isabella Graham Bethune Duffield. She is the daughter of Rev. George Duffield, D. D., who, previous to his decease, was one of the best known Presbyterian clergymen of the West. Mrs. Stewart has rare conversational gifts, and is prominent and successful in many philanthropic enterprises.

Separated from the Stewart place by the Moran Road, is the


9M
CLUB HOUSE
LAKE
WEAVER S
STE. CLAIRE
8M GROSSE POINTE P O
CADIEUX ROAD
7M
EDGEWOOD ROAD
WINDMILL PT
PRESQUE ISLE L H
Fox Creek
GRAND MARAIS
PONT des RENARDS
6M.
Conners Creek
RUSCHE
PONT ROUGE
5M.
DETROIT RIVER
OLD PEAR TREES
TOWNLINE
4M
WATER WORKS
BELLE ISLE PARK
PARK HQ
DRIVING PARK
VANDYKE AVE
HAMTRAMCK HOUSE
3M.
BALDWIN AVE (CITY LIMITS)
LINDEN PARK
BOULEVARD
MICH YACHT CLUB
PROPOSED BRIDGE
MOUNT ELLIOTT AVE
2M.
CEME-TERIES
MICH STOVE WKS
ELMWOOD AVE
1 MILE From WOODWARD AVE
P.R. BRIDGE

Grant Farm, more recently known as the George Moran Farm. This farm is noted as embracing the first "cleared" land in Grosse Pointe. It originally extended from the present Catholic Church property to the grounds of G. V. N. Lothrop. It had a frontage of nine arpents (French acres), and contained about 400 acres. It was first cultivated by Commodore Alexander Grant, a British naval officer, in command of several men-of-war when this part of the country was in English possession. Aspiring to found a *seigneury* similar to the old French claims on the St. Lawrence, he selected this tract of land, and during the winter, when the lakes were frozen, he employed his sailors and soldiers in clearing off the forest trees. Soon after acquiring the title, he erected a large manor-house, known in its day as "Grant's Castle." It was built of hewn oaken timbers taken from the surrounding forest. These were neatly dovetailed at the corners, and the interstices between the logs carefully filled with plaster. It was about 160 feet long, two stories in height, and surrounded on all sides by huge two story verandas or "galleries," as the French termed them, and, in shape, resembled a great barrack. The Commodore may, on this showing, be justly termed the founder of Grosse Pointe, and, as such, deserves more than passing mention. Possibly a failure to make proper explanation here, might result in his being confounded a hundred years hence, with one Ulysses, who, when a young lieutenent, resided for a time in Detroit, and who, it is

authoritatively said, enjoyed the French pony racing, and appreciated the fine flavor of the *liqueur de pêche* as much as did the old Commodore.

The Commodore was one of the Clan Grant of Glenmoriston, Invernesshire, and entered the navy of his majesty, George II, at an early age, but left the service in 1757 and joined a Highland regiment, raised for the army of General Amherst, which army reached Lake Champlain in 1759, en route to capture Canada from the French. The General, requiring officers for his fleet on the lake, commissioned Lieutenant Grant as the commander of a sloop of sixteen guns. The operations of the combined forces under General Amherst having secured the conquest of Canada, Grant was sent to Lakes Ontario and Erie. In 1774, he married Therese, daughter of Charles Barthe, of Detroit. The family are descended from Theophile Barthe (armorer to the King) who was married at Montreal in 1718 to Charlotte Alavoine. Adelaide Askin, wife of Col. Elijah Brush and mother of Hon. Edmund A. Brush, was of the same family, through her mother, Marie Archange Barthe. The Barthe family are also connected with the Godfroys, Navarres, the Descomptes Labadies (ancestors of Mrs. Richard Storrs Willis, of Detroit), and many others equally well known.

At the time of Commodore Grant's marriage, Detroit and vicinity were part of Canada, and from his castle at the Pointe,

he used to distribute British bounties and pensions to the savage allies of King George. The great chief Tecumseh and others of his tribe were frequent visitors at "Grant's Castle." The Commodore was called to the executive council in 1805, and administered the government of Upper Canada. He was a man of commanding presence, a good officer, and a general favorite. In a letter to his brother at York (now Toronto), written in 1811, he says, "My duty where my naval command requires me, is at such a distance, that I cannot travel in the winter, but I come down at my ease in summer to take some sittings in the Council. A gentleman who has served his country for fifty years requires some indulgence, and my superiors allow it to me."

He died at Grosse Pointe in 1813, leaving eleven daughters and one son, a British officer who resided at Brockville, Canada. Of the descendants of the daughters, some reside in Canada, and others have gone to the old country. Among the former are the families of the Wrights, Robinsons, Dicksons, Woods, Duffs, Wilkinsons, Millers, Jacobs, and Richardsons. Of the Barthe family, an older sister of Mrs. Grant married John Askin, from whom spring the Essex County family of the name, daughters of whom became mothers of the Hamiltons, Richardsons, Merediths, McKees, Pattersons, Brushes, and Ronalds. Another sister of Mrs. Grant married Major Mercer of the Royal Artillery, one of whose daughters has achieved some literary fame and is still living in England.

The Grants also had an adopted child, a boy who had been taken prisoner by the Indians, but was rescued from an untimely fate through Mrs. Grant's interposition. This boy, called John Grant, was given a farm of 300 acres, a short distance above the first settlement. This farm is now owned by T. P. Hall. The old Grant houses on both farms were recently demolished.

George Moran, who succeeded to the Grant farm, died in 1882. He settled here at an early day, and was a noted character of old Grosse Pointe. As a *reconteur* he was a decided success, and many of his humorous stories are still related. On Indian fights and all the startling events of the mystic past, he was considered an authority. At his death he had disposed of a large portion of his farm, but several of his children still retain portions of the ancestral homestead. His oldest son, Richard Moran, resides on the rear of the farm, and is well versed in the history of the Pointe. Another son, Charles G. Moran, owns the cottage on the front of the farm next to the Moran Road. The latter was the first President of Grosse Pointe village, and is now one of the auditors of Wayne county. He married a daughter of Richard Conner. Louis and James are two other sons of George Moran.

Next to the Moran cottage is the summer residence of James Nall, a prominent merchant. Mr. Nall's family, though recent comers, seem to have imbibed the usual Grosse Pointe enthusi-

"SUMMERSIDE." Residence of G. V. N. Lothrop. Built in 1850.

asm. Mr. Nall was born in England but came to this country at an early age. He married Isabella Beard, and their children are Frank C., Edwin B., Mary W., and Louis A.

The next residence to come under consideration, known as "Willow Bank," is that of George Hendrie, already mentioned in these pages. The shrewdness and tact for which the Scotch race is noted, are illustrated in Mr. Hendrie, and he has been wonderfully successful in his street railway and transportation enterprises. He married Miss Sarah Trowbridge, daughter of the late Charles C. Trowbridge, one of Detroit's most eminent citizens. The names of their children are Strathearn, Kathleen Trowbridge, Jessie Strathearn, George Trowbridge, Sarah Whipple, and twins, William and Margaret.

Next beyond is the old Geo. Moran homestead, now owned and occupied by James Moran.

We have now reached "Summerside," the residence of George V. N. Lothrop, at present United States Minister at St. Petersburg, Russia. Rare specimens of old trees, and orchards of the finest fruits adorn the grounds, which gracefully slope toward the road. Mr. Lothrop was impressed with the beauty of the Pointe soon after his arrival in Detroit, and purchased 130 acres there in 1850. The same year he constructed the present residence, and with his family spent each successive summer here until last year when, as he writes, "with many sighs and regrets, I exchanged

Grosse Pointe for a sojourn on the banks of the Neva." His intimate friend, Edmund A. Brush, had located here shortly before him, and, for several years, they were the only colonists. Both raised large families, and lived in rural simplicity compared with present-day customs. Whether an approach to fashionable life has brought increased pleasure to the colonists at the Pointe, the older residents much do question. If a well spent life entitles any man to enjoyment and peace in his later years, it is certainly due to the owner of "Summerside." The appointment to the public office he fills, and which, to the regret of all who knew him, took him away from Detroit, was both unsolicited and unexpected by Mr. Lothrop, and the Legislature of Michigan, without reference to the political creed of its members, passed a unanimous vote of congratulation to the President on the fitness of his selection for the position of Minister to Russia.

Mr. Lothrop was born in Connecticut, and graduated at Brown University in 1838, at the age of twenty, Dr. Francis Wayland, the eminent writer on moral science and political economy, being at that time President. Mr. Lothrop subsequently attended the Harvard Law school, then in charge of Judge Story and Professor Greenleaf. In 1839, he came west to recuperate his health, and, for a time, assisted his brother, Edwin H. Lothrop, in the management of his extensive farm in Kalamazoo county. While there he imbibed a fondness for agricultural pursuits that has never deserted

him, as all are convinced who have frequently seen him snatching a day from office cares in order to tickle the arable Grosse Pointe soil with the plow.

In 1843, Mr. Lothrop resumed the study of law in the office of James F. Joy, and in 1844 he began practice in partnership with D. Bethune Duffield. Of late years Mr. Lothrop's sons have been his associates in law practice. Mr. Lothrop married Almira Strong, daughter of Oliver Strong. Their son Charles Bradley Lothrop, married Isabella Graham Bethune Stewart, daughter of Dr. Morse Stewart, and they have a son named G. V. N. Lothrop. The second son, George Howard Lothrop, married Frances Owen, daughter of John Owen; they have a daughter named Margaret. The other children of Mr. Lothrop are Henry Brown, Annie Strong, Cyrus Edwin, and Helen Ames.

Next to the Lothrop place, on a high ridge of ground, are two beautiful homes. The fine elevation and graceful slope of the lawn toward the lake gives them a very attractive appearance, and their handsome exterior is suggestive of the elegance and comfort of the interior arrangements. The entrances are at the sides—a broad hall bisecting each house. The fifty acres surrounding are known as "Cloverleigh," and the shrubs and trees along the borders are set out in artistic style, and are sure to become increasingly beautiful. Back of the house are extensive flower gardens and on the lake front is a rustic boat-house built of logs. The

"CLOVERLEIGH." Residence of H. B. Ledyard. Built in 1882.

first of these country homes is owned and occupied by Henry B. Ledyard, President of the Michigan Central Railroad. Mr. Ledyard came near being domiciled in Grosse Pointe years ago, as his father, at one time, purchased the place now owned by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, but he did not occupy the place as circumstances called him to Newport, R. I. He was a descendant of the New England Ledyards, a prominent lawyer, and one of the early Mayors of Detroit. His wife was the daughter of Gen. Lewis Cass. Mr. H. B. Ledyard, was born in Paris while his father was there as Secretary of the Legation under Gen. Cass, then U. S. Minister to France. He was educated at West Point, and after graduation served several years in the U. S. army. His engineering talents and exceptional business abilities brought to him, while still a young man, the offer of the important and responsible position of Superintendent of the Michigan Central Railroad. In this position his rare administrative qualities were so apparent to the Directors of the road that, on the death of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, they chose him to succeed the latter as President of the entire corporation. Untiring, vigilant, and thoroughly conscientious in the work undertaken, his summer months of recreation at the Pointe are frequently broken in upon by demands for his presence here and there, at remote points on the line of the main road or its connections. He married Mary L'Hommedieu, of Cincinnati, daughter of Stephen S. L'Hommedieu, the projector,

"CLOVERLEIGH." Residence of Hugh McMillan. Built in 1882.

and for twenty-five years, the President of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad. Their children are Matilda Cass, Henry Augustus Canfield, and Hugh.

The adjacent residence and the upper half of the "Cloverleigh" grounds, is the property of Hugh McMillan, a brother of James McMillan and one of the most successful of Detroit's younger business men. The ability displayed by him in the management of a number of important enterprises controlled by Messrs. Newberry & McMillan while the latter were in Europe and since, shows that he has executive talent hardly second to that possessed by his intimate friend and neighbor, or by those whose large interests, as well as his own, he manages so wisely and so well. His courtesy and kindly smile prepossess in his favor those who meet him. He married Helen Dyar, sister of John B. Dyar, already mentioned. Their children are Gilbert Newberry, Alice, Harold Dyar, and Maurice Beekman.

We have now reached the old fashioned cottage of Dr. Isaac Smith. The doctor came to Grosse Pointe many years ago for his health, and the fact that he is long past three score and ten and still full of vigor, shows that he made a wise selection. He loves to tell that on coming here he had scarcely strength enough to mount his horse's back, and that, six months later, he was able to carry the horse on his own back (his horse must have been a French pony). He has been the first to shake hands with all the

little Frenchmen born here for the last fifty years or so; and the remembrance of his startling tales of travel and adventure, as well as of the bitter but effective potions he was wont to administer, will live until the present generation disappears. With his wife and daughter he has recently moved to Detroit, leaving the house unoccupied.

Adjoining the doctor's cottage is the old Palms' place, at present the property of Joshua W. Waterman, one of the wealthiest of Detroit's wealthy citizens. The family make no use of it, but his son, Cameron D. Waterman, of Grosse Isle, occasionally passes in his fine steam yacht, Uarda, and gives the old place a salutatory "toot." It is hoped that ere long the family, or some other equally agreeable, will renovate or remodel the residence and mingle with the "colonie de la Pointe."

The adjoining grounds, known as Hamilton Park, are the property of James McMillan, who has converted the fifty acres into a pleasant driving park for the convenience and enjoyment of himself and his friends. When the main road is in bad order, the fast "nags" of the Pointe are exercised in Hamilton Park. It is expected that at no distant day an appropriate summer residence will be erected on the grounds.

Next to Hamilton Park is the Protestant Church, already described. The vacant lots beyond the church are fast being taken up by Detroiters intending to build. Alfred T. Moran, son

of Judge Chas. Moran, owns one lot there, and Edward Moran, son of Geo. Moran, is building on another.

The old French farm house on the corner of the Morass Road, which here intersects the lake road, is occupied by Chas. G. Moran. The next residence with a broad veranda is owned by W. B. Moran. Nearly ten acres surround the house, and they are being carefully improved. The lawn which inclines gradually to the road is one of the finest at the Pointe. The place is appropriately called "Bellevue." Its owner is also the owner of "Maplehurst," a few miles further on, and possesses, besides, several large farms along the *Grand Marais*. He is a son of the late Judge Charles Moran, of Detroit, one of the early French settlers whose shrewdness and sagacity led him to hold on to his Detroit farm through all sorts of stringent times until a great city had been built up around it. Long before his death it had become one of the most valuable estates in the city. Wm. B. Moran was educated at Fordham College, N. Y., is, by profession, a lawyer, and is connected with several important manufacturing companies. He takes much interest in municipal affairs, and notwithstanding many professional and business cares, finds considerable time to devote to his duties as one of the Park Commissioners. He has recently been chosen City Controller. He first married Elise Desnoyer Van Dyke by whom he had one daughter, Catherine Marie. For his second wife he married Frances Agnes Desnoyer,

"BELLEVUE." Residence of W. B. Moran. Built in 1882.

daughter of the late Peter Desnoyer, an old and prominent French resident of Detroit. They have two sons, William Aloysius, and Henry Desnoyer. Visitors who enjoy the hospitality of this place, should not fail to notice the exquisite collection of roses under the especial care of the lady of the house.

We next see the grounds and residence of Theodore Parsons Hall. This place consists of sixty-three acres, about fifteen of which are devoted to lawn and garden, twenty-five to pasture, the remainder is natural forest. The visitors can drive through the grounds, coming out on the main road a short distance above. The place was originally one of the farms belonging to Commodore Grant, and fifty acres of it were purchased by the present owner from one of his descendants.

A portion of the grounds was laid out over twenty years ago by M. F. Dow, of the Detroit Savings Bank, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. G. V. N. Lothrop. Edward Mason, son of L. M. Mason, former President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and his family made it their home for a number of years. Mr. Hall bought Mr. Mason's interest in 1880, and under the superintendence of the accomplished architect, Mortimer L. Smith, the present residence was erected. The very old orchard on the ridge back of the house contains trees dating back to 1815. In the front portion many select varieties of ornamental trees have been planted within the past five years. A willow of enormous size

"TONNANCOURT." Residence of T. P. Hall. Built in 1880.

stands just above the house and near the road. On the lake side is a spacious boat-house built in Swiss style of architecture. Here dancing parties, theatricals and other evening amusements take place. A fine beach has been rescued from the lake, and on it stands a rustic grotto enshrining a statue of Notre Dame de Sainte Claire, commemorating an old tradition described in the "Legends of Detroit." Mr. Hall was born near Hartford, Conn., in 1835. His father, Samuel Holden Parsons Hall, of Binghamton, N. Y., was for many years a prominent whig politician of that state, and grandson of Maj. Gen. Samuel Holden Parsons, one of the founders of the Marietta Colony, and first Chief Judge of the Northwest Territory.

Mr. Hall graduated at Yale in 1856, and came to Detroit from Wall Street, New York, as cashier of the old State Bank of Michigan. He still retains a business connection with his friend Rufus W. Gillett, one of Detroit's most valued citizens. He married, in 1860, Alexandrine Louise Godfroy, daughter of Pierre Godfroy, and granddaughter of Col. Gabriel Godfroy, whose father was one of the founders of Detroit.

Their children are Marie Stella (wife of Wm. T. St. Auburn), Josie E. (wife of Lieut. R. J. C. Irvine, U. S. A.), Nathalie Heloise, Alexandrine Eugenie, Marie Archange, Madeleine Macomb, and Godfroy Navarre, who died in 1885. The place is called "Tonnancourt," after the *seigneury* of Godfroy de Tonnancourt on the St. Lawrence near Trois Rivieres, Canada.

The farm next above is owned by Alexander Lewis, a wealthy and highly esteemed resident and ex-Mayor of Detroit. He is of French parentage, the name being originally St. Louis. Mr. Lewis, though owning much land at the Pointe, cannot be classed as a resident, and has only a farmer's house erected on his property, but it is hoped and expected that some of his family will eventually build a summer residence.

Two summer cottages have been erected just beyond by Mrs. Judge Weir, *nee* Provençal. The Provençal house standing on front of the farm, near the lake, is a good example of the old-time French home. It is usually occupied in summer by Judge Weir and family.

The Beaufait farm adjoins, followed by the Kearsley or Webster farm; and then, a short distance beyond the eleven mile post from Detroit, is located "Claireview," owned by George S. Davis, of Detroit. The grounds of the residence proper have 1,400 feet frontage on Lake Ste. Claire, and run back 1,000 feet. On the eastern part of this lot and a little distance from the road, is located a modest dwelling, surrounded by a fine orchard, which includes two large French pear trees. In the rear of the residence is located "Claireview Jersey Stock Farm," elsewhere alluded to. The farm has a depth of over two miles, and contains 281 acres. Mr. Davis, a native of Detroit, is the executive officer in charge of the extensive laboratory of Parke, Davis & Co., Detroit. His

business ability and social qualities give him a large place in the esteem of those who know him. He does not at present occupy Claireview, but, judging from his well known taste in floriculture and landscape gardening, he will, no doubt, in the future render it as pleasing to the eye as are other residences at the Pointe.

Several farm houses and a summer resort known as "Gray's," are here passed; beyond which we come to the handsome residence and farm of Dudley B. Woodbridge. Mr. Woodbridge is a son of Gov. Wm. Woodbridge, who so well served Michigan both as Governor and Senator. Governor Woodbridge studied law at Litchfield, Conn., and began practice at Marietta in 1806. He married Julianna, daughter of Judge John Trumbull, of Connecticut, widely known as the author of "McFingal." Governor Woodbridge came to Detroit in 1814, under appointment as Secretary of the Territory. For many years he was a prominent social and political factor in the city and State, remarkable for his courtesy, kindness and generous impulses. Dudley B. Woodbridge, the owner of Belle Meade, settled at Grosse Pointe in June, 1866, hoping thereby to recuperate his health. By constant out-door life, both winter and summer, he has succeeded in accomplishing the desired result. Though a descendant on both his father's and mother's side from families of political prominence, his delicate health and retiring disposition have prevented him

"Belle Meade." Residence of Dudley B. Woodbridge. Built in 1866.

from engaging in public affairs. His time is given to the care of his farm and the management of that portion of the large Woodbridge estate in Detroit, which he inherited. Both Mr. Woodbridge and his wife, Martha J., are natives of Detroit,—her ancestry, like his, living in New England. They have had four children. The eldest, Mary Lee, died at the age of twelve. The names of the others are Mattie Kitchell, Julia Smith, and Eva Cary.

We have now mentioned all or nearly all the families of the Grosse Pointe Colony. At present they are few in number, and meet socially almost as a single family.

As time flows on, and a larger settlement grows up, all alike will be sure to be interested in the history of its beginning.

If in the future some enterprising resident succeeds in having a straight and well kept road laid out a half mile back from the lake, the present winding drive being used for pleasure purposes only, with the places above described thrown into a single grand park, Detroit will have a suburb of which she may well be proud, and which may perhaps be worthy of some such appellation as "Clairepointe."

THE HABITANT'S LAMENT

OVER THE GRADUAL DECAY OF OLD GROSSE POINTE.

BY JEAN JAE.

"WAAT naeu haouse eez dat," ma waife Angelique saay toa mea h'aas weez raide hoame fraam de maarkaet de oddaire daay, whaire weez goan toa saell de leetle froag h'an beeg caatfeish. Whaen h'i loak h'on whaire Angelique's fainger paoint, h'i saaw dat she meaned de Grosse Pointe Claub Haouse, soa h'i toale haer dat waas de plaace whaire h'all de yaoung blead plaay beelyaird, Haimbletonyaan pokaire h'an eenosaant 'musemaant laike dat.

Daen Angelique loak saad h'an saay toa mea, "Ah, Jean! Grosse Pointe aant laike eet waas whaen weez waar baoy h'an gaerl." De moare h'i taink h'of dat, de moare ma maind goa baack h'on de h'oldaine taime whaen de Fraench peepale waas haappee h'an cauntaent weed de oale staile h'of doaing beesenaess. Eet maake ma haeart feil toa baust whaen h'i taink haow de taime haas chaange.

Eenstaed h'of de deare h'old calaash waat de Fraenchmaan waas use toa draive, dey naow gaut bauggee waad spraing dat weel maake yoa jaump too tree feat evvy taime de ponay gallope. Daen de haorse loak soa deefraant toa. Eenstaed h'of de leetle ponay waad naice laong taile, dey naow draive beeg raed haorse weed heez taile caut daown laike h'ole braush-broame.

De staile h'of draess eez deefrant toa. Yoa doant saaw de h'ole Fraench baunnet noaw daay. No, sairee! De 'Mericaine gaerl ware waan beeg haat dat loake laike waindmeill, h'an shea doan't bean sateesfy aunlaess eet haide de raest h'of de sceenary 'raound de Pointe.

Daen loake h'at de maen. Waat doa yoa saaw? Yoa saaw nottaing baut staand h'up collaire, shoart coate h'an paant soa taight dat dey staop de circulashun h'of de tailore beel.

Saince de beeg meelyonaire moave eentoa Grosse Pointe, de staile waas gaut soa grate dat h'i doant knaow de plaace haardly. Soa many h'of de dude paut een 'pearaance dat de gaame waas moast fraight aout de baush. De mushraat doant raun 'raound de staump laike heez waas yoased toa doane, h'an caunsaequaintly waas gaut plaanty scaarce. H'an dat waas h'all h'on 'caount h'of de beeg scaare heez gaut whaen de steem-yaacht blaow heez whaistle.

Daen de feeshaing doant bean waat eet waas befoare h'all de paetant feeshpoale h'an naet waas caum aout. De

moadern eemproavemant een dat laine—feesh laine, maake de feeish soa caunning naow dat dey woant baite aunlaess dey axpaect toa bea kaept wad goald feesh een de laidy's equariaum. Eevan de baull-froag loak befo' heez jaump naow fo' feare h'off gautteeng heez fraunt toae caatch een de pattant laun-mowaire wad whaich dey caut de graas een de paumpadoare staile.

De poare maud-taurtle eez faast maake daie. Heez caant staick heez noase h'up h'aout de creak wadaout bean moast scaare toa det bai dood h'on wat dey caull baisauckle, h'or soamtaing laike dat.

Daen joast loak h'at de roade h'an saaw de commoshaen dat daem claub-haouse maan make wad de faast hoarse whaen dey maake raace foare de draink. Dey hollare "hoop-la, marsh deau, noa flai h'on mea," h'an h'all sauch foalish remaark laike dat, h'an scaire de poare Franchman's ponay soa dat heez keek bote heal h'out heez shoae h'an evvyboady h'else h'out de waggaun. Eef taing keap h'on laike dat, de ole rasedaant weel haave toa moave, caummeet susaide h'or gaut h'up poalaice foarce bai heemsaelf toa proataect de cauntry fraam taurn daownsaide h'up.

Oanly dat h'i gaut morgaige h'on mai faarm, h'an Angelique naew twein, h'i woad paack h'up mai taing h'an goa h'on Quaebec whaire de h'ole staile wad maake mea taink h'of waat Grosse Pointe waas befo' h'all de beeg-baug beelt braick haouse h'an claub-haouse bai de laake.

Eet h'all moast brake mai haart een tree plaace toa saaw h'all de ole hoam toare daown. De ole loag haouse whaire h'all de Goyeau, Toussaint, Troambly, Coquillard h'an Meefrau famlee waas boarn eez h'all heestroy.

De baarn whaire de ponay waas keap wad de cheeckan h'an baull-doag haas loang seence bean broake h'up. De ole rale faence whaire ma baoy Jose seit h'an waatch de caow, was paull daown, h'an wat dey caull baarb-waire faence paut een eets plaace.

De neaw haouse waat waas beeild bai de reich maan loak beeg h'an h'all laike dat, baut dey doant bean soa moach coamfurable. Daire doant bean noa naice waarm faire place foare de naighbor toa saat daown h'an taalk 'baout Cadillac, Marquette h'an La Salle.

De neaw haouse waas maake waarm bai steem-paipe, whaile de laighteeng raod raun h'all 'raound de yaard toa keap de cycloane fraam bausteeng h'up de roafe. H'an soach faunny staile h'of haouse yoa nevaire saaw. De waindow waas caull de baay h'an waas steeick h'out soa beeg dat de raest h'of de haouse loak laike eef eet waas tryaing toa keap fraam taumbleeng daown. Een de fraunt yaard dare waas beeg caat-feeish sane waet stauck h'up een fraunt h'of whaich de gaerl plaay waat dey caull mauslin taenniss, h'or soam faunny naame laike dat.

Daen de small baoy eenstaed h'of speein de taup h'an shoat de maarble laike dey yoased toa doane, naow take beeg claub h'an knaock woadane baal troo waire hoap h'an yaell croaquay laike eef heez baust heez laeft haand laung.

H'i caan haardly spoake 'baout de ole hoame wadaout de teare raush een mai hibaull.

Moast h'all de ole Fraench famlee waat doant leeve een de cemetaary waas soald h'aout h'an gaun toa Caanaday h'an strainge cauntree laike dat.

Ole fraind waas gaun, ole haouse toarn daown, ole staile plaay h'out. De peach h'an paire trea was h'all daed; de graape vaine waas paull h'up bai de roate; de maushraom baed was gaun; de flaat bauttam boate waas saunk; de quaile h'an dauck h'an poissen blanc plaenty scaarce, h'an h'all een h'all dares nottaing laeft toa remaind de Fraenchman h'of deare quaint ole Grosse Pointe.

Waal dat eez de waay wad de waorld. Taings chaange evvy daay. Weez heare toa moarrow h'an h'out waest yaesterday, h'an soa eet weel bean aunteel deth cloase boate h'eye h'an shaut h'out fo' evvaire de deare sceene auf mai yoath, beeutefaul, peekturesque ole Grosse Pointe.

STRANGERS

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